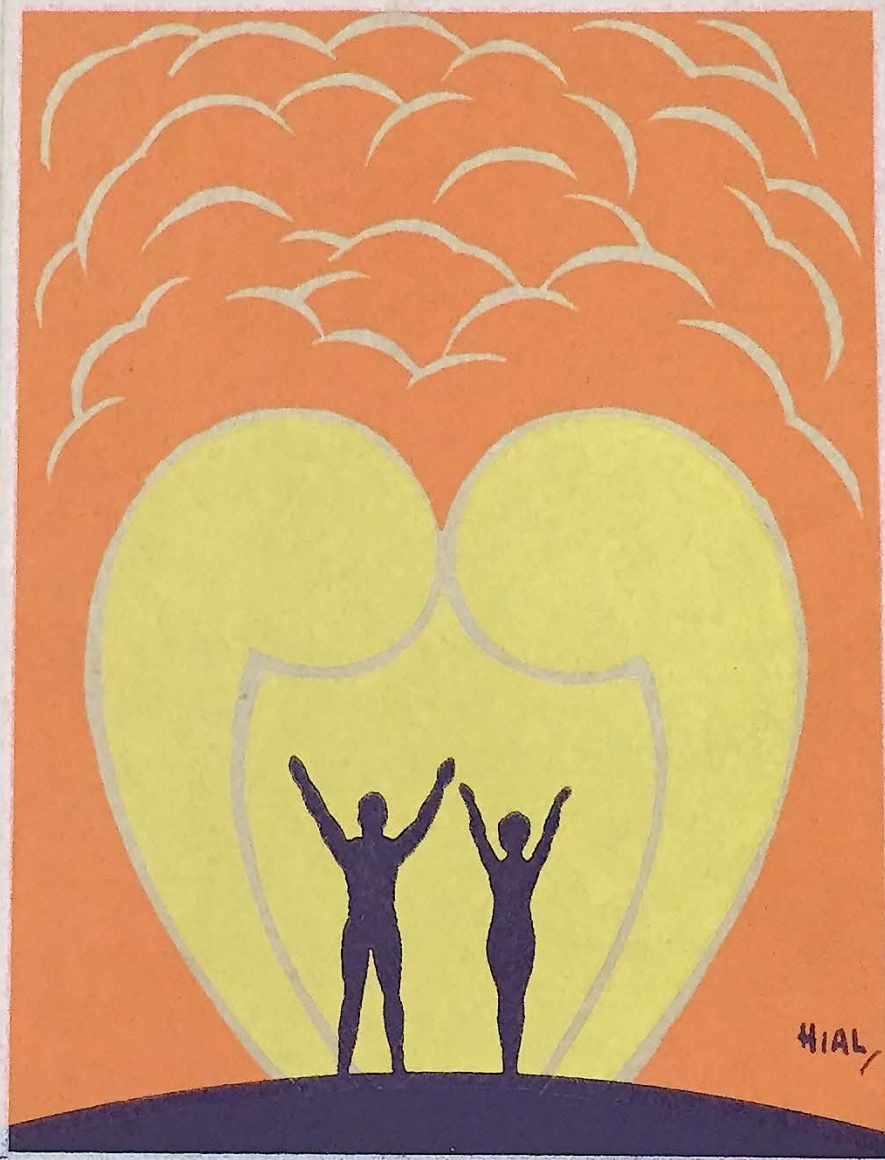


Reality

Consciousness has Many Octaves
and All Together Produce Reality

JUNE
1938



A Pelley Publication



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The *LIBERATION DOCTRINE* is not a cult

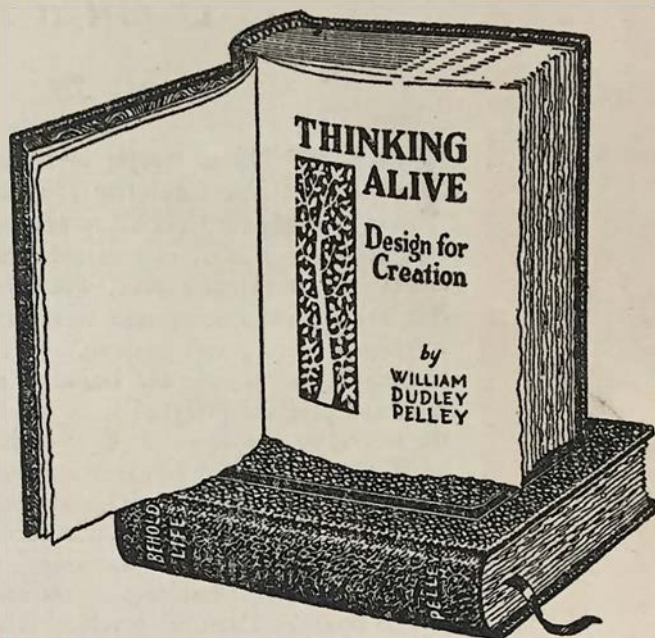


THOUSANDS of people over the past decade have heard vaguely of The Liberation Doctrine and wondered what it was, and what it expected to accomplish in a world overtaxed with creeds and sects, esoteric societies and metaphysical movements. ¶ In the first place, The Liberation Doctrine is not a cult, neither is it a new system of metaphysics, or source of Rosacrucianism or of occult research. ¶ The Liberation Doctrine is nothing beyond a sane and beautiful philosophy of life for the calm and practical living of it on a basis of understanding what the marvel of it comprises. ¶ It began in 1929 when an article by William Dudley Pelley, then residing in Altadena, California, appeared in *The American Magazine* entitled "My Seven Minutes in Eternity." Mr. Pelley had undergone an extraordinary spiritual experience, finding that it was possible to vacate his body in the night without death resulting. Immediately he became aware that he had acquired abnormal psychical gifts, among them the little-understood talent of Clairaudience. ¶ In the eight years that have followed, he proceeded to record a stupendous series of subliminal papers on the fundamentals of Cosmos that baffled the most astute critics and opened up a line of sacred research making the whole miracle of creation as simple as it is profound and rational. ¶ But he steadfastly refused to start any new religion on the strength of them, or capitalize them to his worldly profit or renown, or organize his findings so that any society promoted them. He believed Truth to be the private pursuit of the individual soul capable of undertaking it and secretly profiting from it. For this reason no hysterical mass meetings concerning the Liberation Findings have been held, no crowds have been opportuned to undertake mysterious rituals, no Select Masters for humanity have been promised excepting the Colossal Personage of the Elder Brother who is herein revealed in a new, refreshing and startling version. ¶ The Liberation Recordings, on the contrary, are for a small and select audience of spiritually discriminating people who believe in pursuing the Great Secrets of Cosmos privately and valiantly, and accepting such recommendations as they may be ready for, in their normal spiritual evolution. They are presented as exquisitely as the printing art can devise, and any resource deriving from their circulation is turned back into the work of extending a wider knowledge of them to those who would be interested if they but had the nature of them brought to their attention. ¶ That is the whole story connected with this Teaching. "He that hath ears to hear, LET HIM HEAR!"

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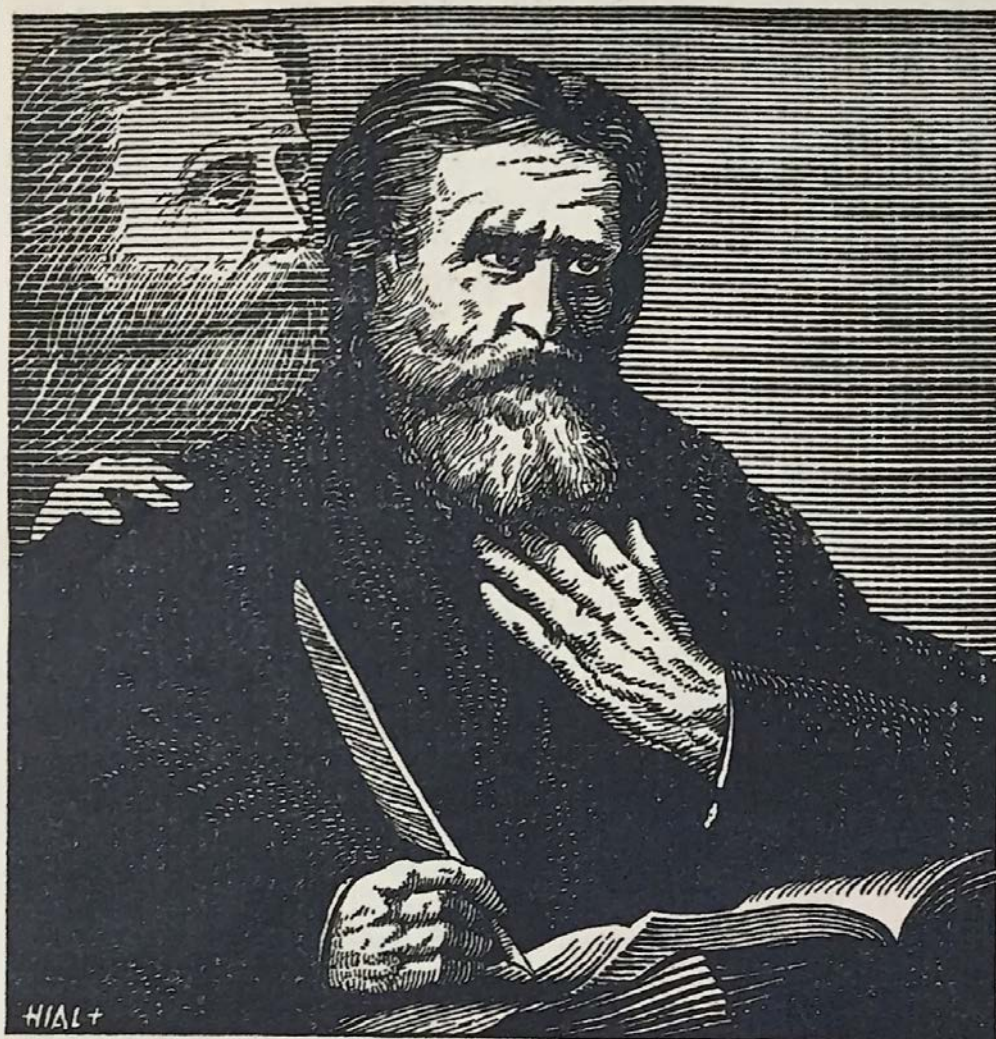
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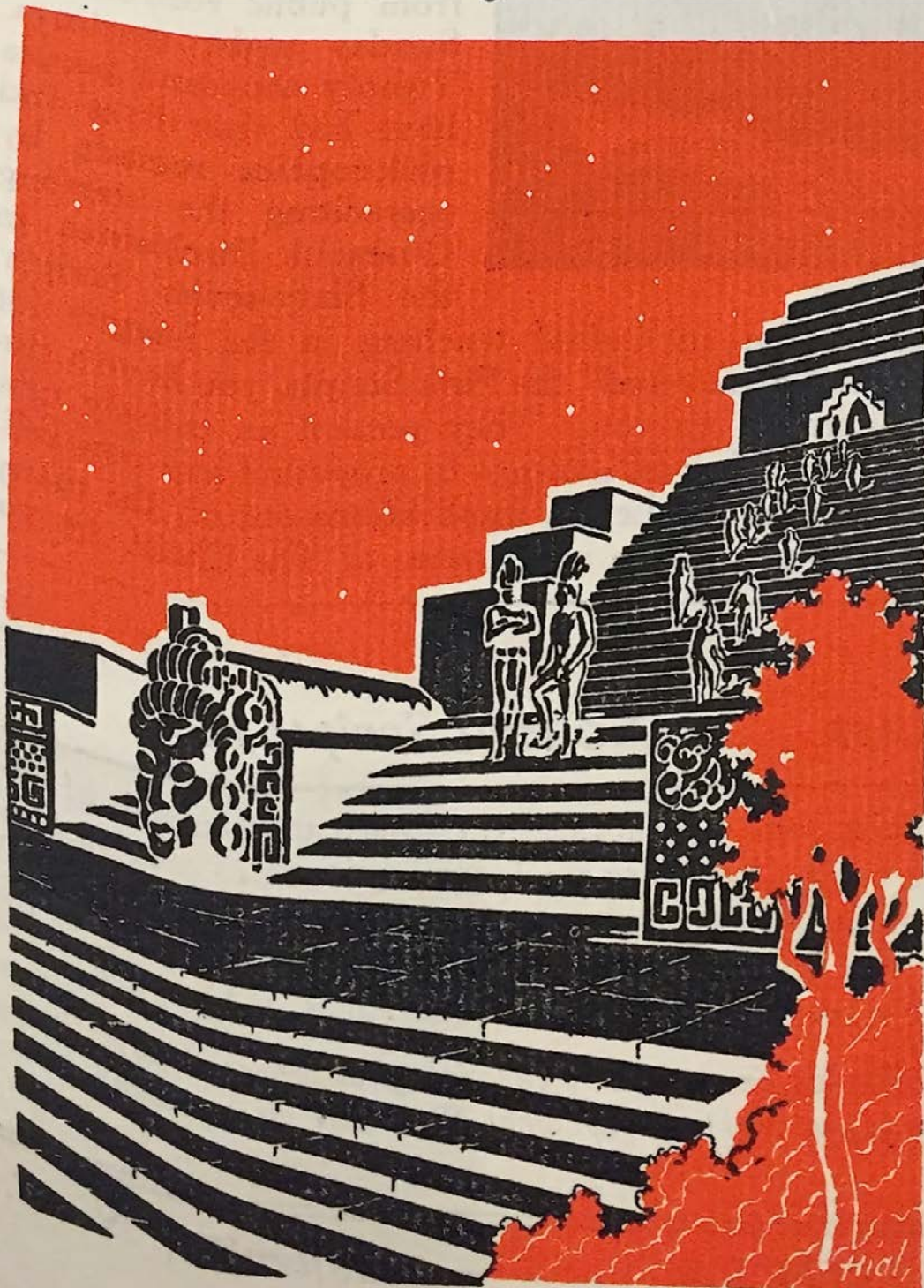
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Reality

Magazine

VOLUME ONE

JUNE, 1938

NUMBER NINE

TOMORROW I SHALL BREATHE WITH LUNGS OF BETELGUESE

¶ In some way I have permitted myself to become entrapped in this garment of fleshly form. I have taken Limitation unto myself. I have died into worldly life. Right now I am dead—for I am not Myself.

¶ So long as the sacs of my body control my moods, dictate my arisings and my reclinings, create my hungers and my passions, then it follows that I cannot be Myself. I am my body, I am the organs of my flesh, I am the reactions from the insistences of my environments.

¶ Once I was free. Yet I made the discovery that being free, unless I created my own world and proceeded to live therein, freedom meant nothing but sterility to my spirit. My spirit was only pleased with itself when it made combat with that which was outside itself, that might never be termed any part of itself, that gave it contest and threatened it with menace.

¶ To experience a world without contest, to live a life that knew no menace, meant an existence in a shapeless unawareness of even that entity which was Myself. I endeavored—and I recognized myself. I relaxed—and at once I forgot myself. So I said that I forever wanted to know a universe in which I continually remembered that I was. Form was summoned into being and performed this service unto me.

¶ So I find myself deploying amid a world of Things. The leaf of the tree outside my window is a Thing. I can put it between my lips and bite it. Thereby I recognize not the leaf but my lips. Sirius, as a star, is merely a Thing. It gleams brightly in clear night. But the arc lamp on the corner gleams much brighter, and besides, it is useful. It discloses the shape and position of my doorstone so that entering my house I do not break my ankle. Sirius has more molecules than the arc lamp. Sirius is more distant. The arc lamp is nearer. Still, both are lights. And even lights are Things.



¶ The fact that Sirius has more molecules and yet is fainter as a light because it is more distant, does not alter the Thingness of Sirius. The fact that the arc lamp has more brightness because it is closer, and yet has fewer molecules than Sirius, does not alter the Thingness of the arc lamp. Both, however, change my concepts of Me.

¶ My body is but a mote of dust in the Infinite only because Sirius is composed of more molecules. My body is giant in form when I lower the arc lamp from its post and set it beside me on the roadway—where it only reaches to my ankles. Sirius has taught me that I am small in comparison to its bigness in quantity of molecules, that I am prisoner in flesh on an orb termed the Earth. The arc lamp has taught me that I am big in comparison with the gnats which wing about its radiance. Always the lesson is of Me and my condition, of Me and my location, of Me and my predicament. Things work this ever-pressing realization—Things which by their size and form give size and form and self-cognition to my own reacting consciousness.

¶ Take Things from out the universe, and answer me this riddle: How could I know myself?

¶ Motion cannot know itself for what it is, neither can the sentient mind know motion, unless there be motionless objects within the arena of observation by which to judge the speed and direction of that which moves. A phenomenon of Things again! There can be no motion without something first to take on the movement. And movement forever takes on movement by direct relationship to Things that have no movement. So the Things that are without the movement are as essential to the movement as the particular Thing which moves.

¶ So long as I have consciousness, I exercise it and know it for what it is only as Things that are without it, reveal it unto me. When Things of form cease, then self-realized consciousness must cease as well, for otherwise how might consciousness know itself for what it is even unto itself?

¶ Consciousness is ever a form of movement—self-realization moving amid stationary Things and existing only in that stationary Things exist and thereby permit reaction on that which is moving, revealing unto it that it is in movement indeed.

¶ This being logical, then so long as consciousness exists it must ever have worlds of Things by which to know itself... This, forsooth, is the secret of God—and the secret of the Universe. It is likewise the secret of life everlasting. Things must ever Be. Without Things, it is rational that even God might flicker out.

¶ So I am confined in the physical mechanism of the Man-Gnat today, and tomorrow I shall breathe with the lungs of Betelguese. Location, or the size of my lungs will mean nothing. All that matters is that I am conscious of My self. This is the price that I pay for my consciousness: The worlds must ever be coexistent with me, for I need them in my business of beholding Myself!



EVERYONE HAS ASKED HIMSELF "WHAT'S THE USE OF LIVING?"



AT SOME time in the lives of all people practically one hundred percent of them have put the question to themselves: "What's the use of living?" Usually it is voiced, mentally or otherwise, in correlation to the suicide thought ~~to~~ ~~to~~.

The suicide thought, is a universal thought. All persons have thought it. ¶ Each man and woman, at some time in his life, has seriously considered the possibilities or expediencies of self-destruction. Strangely enough, too, it has not always been in connection with bafflement, disappointment, grief, or unbearable pain.

People confronted by bafflement, disappointment, grief, or unbearable pain, may groan in their agony: "I don't want to go on living!" and perhaps speak the truth. But there is a world of difference between this complaint and the philosophic utterance: "What's the use of living?"

One implies the desire to end an intolerable predicament. The other implies frustration in logical deductions. ¶ When a person cries that he doesn't want to go on living, he probably will or won't in direct ratio to the predicament's unbearableness.

When a person cries: "What's the use of living?" he is expressing a mental condition that can carry as far as suicide but usually does not, because he is on a

quest for information that may possibly be satisfactorily completed. Moreover, he is aware of it.

That awareness holds him to the drama of experiencings. The very fact that he asks the question, "What's the use of living?" implies that doubt still exists in his mind as to the profit or loss, spiritually, from such experiencings. He is truly expressing the mood of skepticism. That mood may aggravate to the point where he may conclude to vacate the physical body, by violence to himself or otherwise. It may pass in the ecstasy of an exceedingly profitable adventure in human relationships, causing him to decide that life is very much worth living.



What we are interested for the moment in discussing is the variety of motivations that may make ordinary people voice the query from time to time: "What's the use of living?"

Why do people ask it?



LIVING, to start with, is the strange business of quitting one octave of manifesting consciousness—that for the sequence has shown itself as holding few unacquired esoteric profits to us as sentient units—and entering upon the conditions of another octave that we may enhance our spiritual natures by the contrasts.

We might think, carelessly, that we

would derive profit from the altered natures of circumstances in the different octaves themselves, but a little serious reflection reveals the fallacy of that concluding  

We forever have the wonder of Memory with us, continually exercising, compounding the spiritual essence that is known as Character. It may be sharply demarked, as in the consciously lifted memory. It may be vague and elemental, as in the exercised instincts.

¶ All of it is but Consciousness contrasting this state with that state, this octave with that octave, this association with that association, and the true profit accruing as we take deliberate thought to the reactions of our spirit-selves to each for better or for worse.



HIS point may be illustrated by a given man's experiences with several types of women. One woman whom a man has been strongly drawn toward, let us say in some little town in his boyhood—perhaps his own mother, perhaps his first sweetheart—may inflict either an inhibition or a fixation upon him regarding women in general that follows him throughout maturity. We might put it that the little town represents an octave of life—or the experiences with certain spiritual beings on a given octave.



Our man leaves the little town in his youth and moves to a distant city. There he comes in contact, commercially or socially, with dozens of other women. Some are indolent, some are gold-diggers, some are clever, some are merely beautiful but dumb. Here and there one of them may be heart-starved for affection and throw herself slavishly at the young man's feet—though in this day and age it's very rarely done unless she's been to a party and partaken of too much gin.


Always and forever, however, our man is making comparisons. This woman is a better woman than that woman. The

city girls are better dressers than those he knew in his home-town back in boyhood but by no means so conscientious.

¶ It is in the fact of the comparisons themselves that our man enlarges his knowledge of the sex, not in the mere brutish contacts with Lizzie, Jane, or Clarice—drinking overly much with Mildred, going to church and holding the hymnbook with Maude, getting stuck for an eleven dollar taxi-bill with Mabel, or finding himself trapped in a cheap flat at two in the morning with a mopsy known as Toots.

No man ever went into an intimate relationship with a woman that across the background of his mind did not go an uneasy recollection of other years and other circumstances when intentionally or no he played a similar role—and the same thing goes for a woman in her relationship with men.

It is in the capacity to make such comparisons that our spiritual profits originate, and to make them swiftly, readily, and facilely, is the thing we call Wisdom  

One experience in itself can never give us wisdom. We must ever have two experiences, in order to compare one with another—or drag over the reactions from one into the other—before our experiences acquire values at all 

¶ Now take the serried experiences we may have in various places, and in various periods of our lives, with the opposite sex, and substitute them for the various Octaves in Consciousness through which we are constantly deploying by preelection, and the reasons for our changes in Octave-Livings become clearer to us.



OF COURSE, another reason why we shift periodically from one Octave of Living to another Octave of Living is because the physical mechanisms which we employ in each, wear out and new must be acquired.

We eat the wrong combinations of

foods and the slow poisons we introduce into our systems gradually break down or demolish tissues. Or we live or work in unsanitary surroundings, due to the economic predicament into which we have purposely inducted ourselves, and life is consequently shortened. Or we get kicked in the face by a playful calf and the old countenance is never quite the same map afterward. Or we lose our eyesight, or our teeth drop out, or a chunk of enemy pig-iron carries away one of our arms or legs in a war. Or maybe we get plain tired of gazing upon the same twisted nose, or skewed mouth, or missing chin, that tortures a mirror every time we look into it, and we feel that the well-known carcass is becoming as woefully out of style as it is growing out of whack. We want a new one on general principles. Moreover, it is the part of sanity and good taste that we should aspire to possession of a new one. Therefore, by slipping out of one octave and into another, we get the new one. And that—in the language of our day—is something to write home about.

This would be one devil of a universe, and some of us would be consigned to hell indeed, if we realized with finality that down all eternity amen, we were never to appear any different than we do, or have any better bodily mechanism, than the one we're toting about at this moment with our souls en housed inside it.

Cripples, ladies who bulge in all the wrong places, young men with cauliflower ears, and lassies whose feet won't track—not to mention red-faced gentlemen whose noses have threads of red silk in 'em, like banknotes—would have excellent reasons for berating God, if this wise and benevolent provision for changing our physical clothings as we change from winter's drabs to the colors of springtime in our raiment, were not prescribed for the serried betterment of our spiritual morale as we pass from octave-season to octave-season up the years of the worlds.



BE THAT as it may, we know that definite advantages accrue by living from seventy to a hundred years in one place, then moving somewhere else—in the unique transportation that men call Death—and living seventy to a hundred years in another.

We make comparisons in the times and the manners. We greet our former friends with their missing arms and legs replaced, their teeth stuck back in, their hair and eyes painted a different shade, their temperaments sobered or their dispositions mellowed. We ride in ox-carts through one generation, we flit off to a more refined octave for another and flap around like turkey-buzzards, we die out of the turkey-buzzard span of locomotion and take a fling in an era of steam trains and airplanes.

Yet time and time again, the awful fatality of it smothers down upon us, the frightful sameness of repetitive environment, and on some blue day we cry despairingly: "What's the use of living?" ❀ ❀

We don't need Roosevelt Depressions, lost jobs, lodgings in hall bedrooms, broken-down motorcars, or shrewish matrimonial partners, to make us cry it. ¶ Legion have been the mortals living "the life of Riley," domiciled in palaces, earning their livings by going into banks, thrusting pieces of mauve paper under the wickets of tellers who ask: "How'll you have it, Mr. Whoozis?" or changing their husbands or wives every other season like slightly-used motorcars traded in for new ones, who reach the same heights of insufferable boredom and want someone to enlighten them why existence is so futile.

It is not a matter of habitat.

It is not a gripe at cloying frustration.

In nine cases out of ten this thing is happening—

For some reason or other such persons, be they male or female, have had something go askew with their polarities in the matter of the Positive or Negative

for which they should be anodes.

Putting it in another metaphor, they have suddenly found themselves as an electron without a proton, or as a proton without an electron.

A sense of Balance missing in their earth-lives, or their lives in any octave, has suddenly come home to them—not Balance in the aspect of common gravity-equilibrium so much as Balance in the aspect of the closed electric circuit ❀ ❀

They are not a vital part of anything. Their nature has ceased to complement another nature.

They are poignantly striving to function unto themselves, as an earthworm—severed in the middle—might strive to function in its forward half as a completed worm while at the same time the other half of itself, carried by some careless bird miles away, was likewise striving to function as the whole worm and wondering to itself what in the worm-world was wrong.

It is a pathetic and tender thing, this question of Polarity.

In the human phase, it assumes a hundred aspects, yet always and forever you will discover if you examine closely that the man or woman who finally comes to the place where he or she demands sincerely "What's the use of living?" is a living exhibit of a person whose polarity with his or her complementing half has temporarily or permanently gone askew.

Reduced to everyday fundamentals, what does this imply?



YOU doubtless have in your time—being a person of wide experience—encountered certain men so much in love with certain women that they have been unable to eat their meals, recognize whether Christmas falls on Labor Day or the Fourth of July, or put on a pair of socks that were mates. You have doubtless met up with women so mashed on sundry males that they

have handed out twenty dollars in change for a five-dollar note, driven their motorcars over traffic policemen without the thought of an Excuse-Me! or put cigarettes into their cupid lips and lighted the cork tips without a cough in a carload.

You never saw one of these in ten thousand, however—or rather, you never heard one of these—ever voice the query: "What's the use of living?"

¶ When men and women are in love—real love—the kind that makes starry eyes, flushed cheeks, high-voltage correspondence, and detestable omelettes, the utility of existence never weights them philosophically.

When the heart-hungry man has actually found the woman who loves him voraciously, who thinks that his bombastic platitudes are priceless pearls of wisdom, who tells him that his dropped cigar-ashes are good for the rug and that she'd just as soon keep right on working after they are married, he is never found in the corner grog-parlor pickling his carcass in the brine of cheap pessimism ❀ ❀

When the lass with the Palpitating Bosom who has done her worshipping from afar, suddenly finds herself lifted off the floor with a couple of her ribs crushed to the point of imminent collapse, a two-day growth of bristles raking her downy cheek, and a voice in her ear—that never would breathe o'er Eden without filling the place with the fumes of second-hand pipe-tobacco—asking her to spend the rest of her days frying ten-cent liver over a twenty-five-cent gas-jet, she doesn't buy Schopenhauer or go in for cotton stockings and affect fried-egg hats.

Life is real, life is earnest, for such pairs of mutually-demented purveyors of devotion.

Such males walk head-on into telegraph poles and never give the collision a thought. Such females renovate their dainty chambers of a Monday morning by turning the linen on the bedsprings and sending the mattress down to the

laundry. Life is topsy-turvy, certainly! But because of its bedlam, it is good to be alive. And the reason for it all is not hard to seek.

An earnest man and a devoted woman, "all wrapped up in one another," are the highest decipherable point to which the human polarity can be raised.

The electric circuit—body, soul, and spirit—between them is closed and complete. They are the perfectly complementing anodes for, and to, each other 🌿 🌿

They are actually generating a psychic force that can open doors, hoist pianos, move mountains, or stand empires on their heads—if empires these days possess any heads—and the thought of missing ten seconds of Life outside one another's company congeals their hearts blood like stale glue.

And not to be adolescently cynical, such rapport by no means is cooled by Long Matrimony 🌿 🌿

When the right man and the right woman have properly come together and found their balance, each unto the other, they will ever stick closer than two coats of paint.

The romance that comes to full flower in late middle-life is an ecstasy known to no callow calf.

Matrimony, or the lack of it, is merely an incident. Men don't love women, or women don't love men, because a preacher in whiskers declares that they must 🌿 🌿

On the other hand, take ninety-nine cases out of every hundred wherein the detached principal goes about grotesquely querying his fellow humans on the item of the profit to be derived from continued breathing. . . You will find it true that either such contact has not yet been effected, or the Other Woman or the Other Man has registered the prior claim, or the chance misunderstanding has developed the tragedy—of shattered hearts and lives.

"What's the use of living?" is the poignant cry indeed.

Polarity has been ruptured.

Man or woman, half a spirit of themselves, are truly writhing in the earth-worm attempt to persuade themselves that he or she is the whole and completed spirit.

The proposition will not work!



THIS item of Polarity takes a hundred forms and has a thousand adjustments. Too often it is not recognized for the volatile thing it is. Freud, the Jew, came close to recognizing the great truth of it, but being a Jew he could only interpret it in terms of the materially-physical, which he mislabeled Sex 🌿 🌿

Sex is merely incidental to it.

The most exquisite Polarities have existed in all ages between mother and son, between brother and sister, between father and daughter, between one man's wife and another woman's husband 🌿 🌿

There have been neither incest nor bedroom sequences in any of it.

Such things would muddy it.


Many a man has taken a job, declared himself in love with his work, run up a record that has delivered him Success—when all the time he was subconsciously in love with the redheaded gal in the cashier's cage and might be the most astounded mortal on the staff to have it brought to his attention.

Many a woman has been assiduous in church-work when she merely loved the preacher, overly filial when she madly loved her father, faithful to the extent of a bowed back and graying head when she truly loved her Boss.

Crisscross the relationships how you will, marry the principals or not marry them, alibi or sublimate the instinctive motivations, and deep down behind it all you find that vague, mystic, elusive Polarity 🌿 🌿

The Man and the Woman in the case are giving each other Something.

They have unwittingly completed a

spiritual, mental, or physical circuit. They have hit an equilibrium. They have established a complementing  ¶ Break this circuit, upset this equilibrium, deny this complementing, and Life at once is tar and ashes in the spirit. ¶ It is something to think about.



¶ O be tolerant of the man with the lacklustre eye, the woman with the aching throat, who desires that you give them satisfying answer to the problem of the aeons: "What's the use of living?"

As motion demands objects at rest to denote that it is motion, so life on any octave must have its complement to denote its vitality by the phenomenon of receptivity to spiritual impact.

It is not necessary to break up a man's home to reestablish such polarity. No woman need pay for such "circuit" with her virtue. No moral code has monopoly on the fine, frail, sweet, satisfying thing that is the interchange of psychic force between Positive and Negative in the human octave, that always and forever sublimates itself above physical sex and makes of each day a song that is sung.

Inhibited ignoramuses speak witheringly of Free Love—as if there could be such a thing as Captive Love, or Monopolized Love, or Love that must be concentrated, like a spotlight in a theater.

¶ Commonly, of course, they are referring to physical license or passion without its tariff from the proprieties.

Love however must always be free!



The answer therefore to the person who demands "What's the use of living?" is, "Love something!—preferably a woman, if you are a man—preferably a man if you are a woman. Let the full wild play of energizing psychic force work its sweet havoc in your marrow. Ask for the complementing circuit in terms of your own tender service to someone who is equally strong and brave and true. Send out your own



clean Positive, and welcome the Negative that is bound to send back its keen response. And keep it up on the Mental-Spiritual. In the exact ratio that it becomes tinged by the physical, it may be tarnished by impermanence and the principals too often become rendered ridiculous."



¶ YOU have a Negative somewhere in Cosmos—no matter who you are—who is the alter-ego to your Positive. Literally it is the Other Half of Yourself. This Other Half of Yourself may be in beloved phantom form close by your shoulder. It may be indeed the redheaded girl in the cashier's cage. It may be the Boss whom you bethink to serve so loyally.

Earthly station is no criterion.

There are no social lines in the Eternal Verities  

Everyone has asked himself "What's the use of living?" Few have found this answer knowingly: "To make the perfect rapport with your Complement!"  

And the strangest part is: when that rapport is made, it requires neither password, acknowledgment, or pledge, to keep it inviolate and vital.

It has been inviolate and vital since the start of Things in Form.

And the first step toward realization is to admit of it consciously.

Leave the sex part to the youngsters!

They are not yet weighed down with the Comparisons that come from wisdom so that being ridiculous worries them overmuch!



TOO many people hit below the belt but when they suffer a tummy-ache themselves, they ever attribute it to something they must have eaten.



HOW THOSE IN HIGHER OCTAVES VIEW ROMANTIC LOVE



LOVE, we learn, is pretty much a misnomer when commonly applied to that attraction which man has for woman, and woman has for man, in the maturity of their years when they come together as wife and husband, or mistress and lover.

Love is ordinarily estimated and appraised as an affection, and the two terms, Love and Affection, have become so closely intertwined and synonymously used that there is today almost a breach of etiquette in trying to think of them as having separateness of meaning and individuality of essence.

¶ Love is that term which those in the higher octaves of Cosmos—or those in the more complicated dimensions—apply, not to sex attraction with its ramifications in emotionalism, but to the Great Forward Movement of divine life in propagation and propellation which keeps the universe in form.

It is Cause and Effect in one—a constructive, pulsing, beneficial Force—in that it takes all things and brings them into harmony, one with another.

Most of us have gathered from previous instruction how the Divine Law exercises to bring about harmony in all—and throughout all—the created universe. This is true love of the highest type. Because there does accrue harmony of a sort between two individuals who bring their lives into the one alignment by exercising the emotional and

conserving factors of the sex relationship on one another, we call the sex attraction a variety of Love.

After a fashion, this is erroneous. To speak of the sex attraction itself—or even the motives and causes behind it—as being true Love, is both fallacious and damaging to the concepts of Love in their purity of application.



CONSIDER the subject in this manner—

The universe must have some cementing Force within it, and through it, to make its units coalesce together—or perhaps we might say, some Vital Principle to keep it in motion *to to*

The whole world of materialism as earthly men know it being only Energy—that is, a form of motion by etheric substances manifesting at various rates of speeds—it follows that if this force behind motion were withdrawn or halted, the whole universe would fall apart in the flash of an eye and the Cosmos would return to its original state of pure consciousness—quiescent and formless.

Think of it in this way: think of a barrel of oil that has become impregnated by a spark of fire. It flames up and burns as long as the oil endures under conflagration. Now the burning oil is not fire, although fire results when the oil burns, and the result is combustion when oil and fire meet. Take away the

oil and there would be neither fire nor combustion in the strict sense of the terms *✿ ✿*

Love might be likened to the oil in the barrel. If the barrel were miraculous and could be replenished in some manner, the fire would burn on forever and men would accept that fire in this instance was a contingent part of oil when confined in a barrel.

It might even become a principle of physics that when oil was poured into a barrel, continuous fire resulted. In time, learned professors would deliver lectures on their own astuteness in discovering the connection between barrel, oil, and fire.

This is one of the cardinal principles of physics, observable since there was a race, that given certain factors for human psychology to work upon in the field of observable facts, the human brain will at once begin to tell how things came about, and rest content on the results of observations.

Now liken the barrel of burning oil, inexhaustible in supply, to the universe materially created, but put your definition of Love in terms of the combustion resulting when the oil supply is boundless, and you get a more or less workable analogy for all present purposes.

¶ Love in its essence is not so much a principle or condition as it is a state of Force! *✿ ✿*

It is an attempt on the part of the Universal Idea to keep the universe burning, so that it will not extinguish and the sublime holocaust that is Life turn into the smoke and ashes of the blind and inarticulate consciousness from which the whole emerged in the first place *✿ ✿*



OVE therefore is a force making for a condition! ¶ You may read this glibly and accept it as a platitude, but you will be making an expensive blunder if you do. Give it a bit of thought!

People all over the universe continually find themselves in what they term love-troubles. They are not really such, of course. They simply do not understand what Love itself is.

They would interpret it as a condition, whereas it is the Force that Makes for the Condition.

There is a world of difference.

If all of us could consistently translate Love in terms of "the Urge to Sentiency" or the pushing and pulsing desire to be aware of self and grasp the fecundities of the Cosmos through the means of the many senses, we would have as apt a definition, perhaps, as can be described in the language of mortals.

¶ Instead, consider what we do.

We confuse Love with the state of feeling amorous, miscall it Romance, use it interchangeably with Affection—or habits of thinking and living reduced to the sentimental status—and generally conceive it as being anything that has an altruistic or sentimental urge *✿*

¶ The universe has benefited from Love as the great impellation toward Sentiency, and we might say "has gotten an agreeable sensation from being alive" if such a thing is possible to grasp *✿ ✿*

Love is therefore wrongly interpreted from the cradle to the grave, and the race goes on from error to error concerning it, magnifying its potencies and powers all out of proportion to its original significance.

We should try to think of Love in this regard: that it is the impellation behind All Force in Circumstances, generally called by science, Energy.

We come closest to the truth of understanding it when we consider Love and Energy as synonymous.

Love is a dynamic aggravation in Cosmic stuffs that produces materiality—no more, no less!

Now taking up the various forms of its manifestations in the guises of the misrepresentations that men allot to it, the first form which we encounter which overshadows all other forms is

the Sex Attraction Principle called amorousness, or romantic devotion to a sentimentalized idea transcribed in terms of sex adoration.

Adept students of Cosmos ultimately come to grasp that men and women do not "love" one another in the correct root-meaning of the term, anymore than they could give life, or impelling force, to one another by the simple fact of being in contact.

You cannot "love" a person, because love is not a bestowal of anything other than primal energy toward a condition or result that makes for some sort of function in sense-awareness.

Love, therefore, can't be used as a verb. It is strictly a noun denoting a Force of Creation—or rather, behind Creation—which impels toward materiality.

A mother might be said to "love" her child in that she has supplied it, to a degree, with the life factors of energetic physical equipment.

But "loving" it in the sense of pouring out sentiment or affection, is so wrong a notion—and indeed the use of the word Love is so grievously prostituted—that the true meaning of the term and the process has become a lost concept.

¶ A man can't love a woman, in the correct Cosmic sense, because he is unable to supply or contribute one iota of that dynamic Energy, or sentient precocity of Matter, that makes her what she is when he takes her in his arms.

He may feel passion for her, in the sense of desiring her as his physical partner in the processes of procreation, legitimately or otherwise, and out of such continued cooperation may come Affection—or rather, perfect alignment of habit and opportunity for mutual service. But all of it is merely acting or behaving as the carrier or agent for the Primal Force of love, which of itself—and otherwise independent of the principals—does the real physical creating. For a man to say "I love this woman" is equal—in the Cosmic interpretation of the term—to say, "I am the original Force which brought this woman into

being." ¶ Even though he be the father of the woman, and speaking of her as his daughter, he could not be employing the term correctly.



OW the Sex Attraction—or rather, the attraction which the sexes have for each other—seems on examination to be twofold in nature. Perhaps we should

put it that it is made up of independent halves of interest, impelling toward propinquity and mutual consummation of biological function.

The first half is Spiritual.

In other words, underlying any attraction which a woman has for a man, or a man has for a woman, there is first of all the inexorable karmic relationships of their psyches involving one another in their careers up the worlds.

This holds and is inescapable regardless of whether or not they may be equipped with adequate vehicles for physical expression ✿ ✿

The Life Principle is working out by two people recognizing one another subconsciously as having had prenatal associations, and they are coming together in current life-cycle to work out such problems in their destinies that they may be voluntarily concerned in unknotting.

Although mankind little dreams it, this is the biggest factor in sex attraction. Most assuredly it accounts for the various ill-assortments and incongruous unions which we see occurring all about us that are otherwise so unexplainable, and the results of which in Drama fill plays and books with what society is pleased to call its "plots" . . .

The Second Half of the motivation behind Sex Attraction is less idealistic. It concerns the strictly biological and very little else.

Society exhibits a weird inhibition about referring to this blatantly or promiscuously for the very simple reason that it is not generally interpreted and understood—not so much the biological process in any of its physical ex-

centricities of production as the faulty analysis of the urge behind the parent-hood 🌿 🌿

Furthermore—and here is something that adult mentality must face—there is the Oversoul concernment in the perpetuation of Desire, or unfailing response to the Polarity vibration.

We must treat with this ingredient for the thing which it is.



OR the physical strain to be perpetuated, so that souls may have the adequate and unfailing supply of mechanisms for re-incarnational use, there must be an incentive to copulation.

This is commonly called Desire.

Desire may start as a blind glandular craving, but it is ever provoked and strengthened in exact ratio to its external arrestment or frustration.

Here is one of the greatest mysteries in Cosmos, as to why this should be so. Speaking strictly of the biological urge for the moment, and ignoring the karmic instincts, a particular man wants a particular woman—or a particular woman wants a particular man—with approximately the degree of desire that a strength of prohibition exists in some phase between them.

This is not necessarily Contrariness in human nature—as the spiritual cynics delight to proclaim.

This thing happens—

A man feels the Polarity Vibration of a certain woman and acknowledges its inciting effects upon himself as a specific individual.

In a low brute caste of society, such a man might proceed at once to seize that woman and force her to the role of physical complement. In highly complicated states of society, however, this is economically impractical and cannot result in the fine spiritual discriminations that attract high-caste souls to an elevated plane of ethical attainment.

¶ Forthwith, continuing to feel the excitations of the Polarity, the man con-

cerned proceeds to much the same consummations in imagination. Understand, there is nothing pornographic about it.

Man, being at all times a free mental agent, creates for himself in mental projection the conditions of attained complement that are denied him physically by social decrees and inhibitions.

Conjecturing the relationship in ideality, such imagining—sublimated, although the principal may not always recognize the sublimation—is forever executed in idealism.

Thus is Romance born!

Romance is the business of building a mental world and occupying it in companionship with a given individual of the opposite sex under conjectures as to factors that always contribute to the enjoyment of the association.

The stronger the prohibiting situation in the physical or social world, the fuller and freer will be the compensating conjectures as to those factors in the mental world 🌿 🌿

This is the state known as being “in love” as distinguished from mere “loving” a person from contact.

When we merely love a person, we do not particularly desire them physically. But being “in” love is Desire for personal monopoly on their spiritual, mental, and physical vehicles—and usually for highly individualized complementing purposes.



HE stronger the prohibiting or circumscribing situation in the physical or social world—to repeat—the fuller and freer will be the compensating conjectures called up to furnish the mental world 🌿 🌿

Nature not only allows, but deliberately has arranged for, this escape into the mental world, in order to make its enticements strong enough eventually so that physical or social frustrations are willfully overcome without any sacrifice of ennobling idealisms.

A man meets a woman and feels the Polarity Vibration commencing to exercise. She may be rich and he may be poor. She may be another man's wife or he may be another woman's husband. Social castes or slight differences in temperament may have erected certain barriers between them.

Denied free and easy access to such a woman's personality or constant company, such a man immediately proceeds to erect and sustain a sort of Dream World, wherein the desired woman-complement is mentally or hypothetically transferred.

In the precise ratio that he is frustrated in his desires toward her in the physical or social world, he will solidify the materials and fabrics composing the mental world that he has thus been obliged to bring into being.

The tacit woman-person in flesh is exactly the same creature that she has always been, and only suspects vaguely the degree to which she is being sublimated in the man's projected universe. She may respond or not respond in the beginning, and the act is not important.



THE important thing is, that when the man has thus materialized his mental universe—with this woman as the center of it—strongly enough and insistently enough, adorned it with sufficient beauty, comfort, and enticements that he can no longer resist, he will begin breaking down ruthlessly the physical or social circumscriptions and there is either a wedding or a scandal for a featuring by the papers.



He takes the physical body and the literal soul of the wanted woman and affects to establish her concretely in the mental world of idealism.

He puts it that his desire for her has become so overpowering that he will pay any cost to gratify his "love." Really, frustration has worked a sort of ennobling effect on the relationships between the two of them, because the

idealties of the mental world conjectured by the man live on to mitigate the disillusion of the factual circumstance.



SOCIETY in general does not promiscuously discuss the factors pertaining to the biological phases of the Sex Attraction, therefore, because they partake of the personal and intimate furnishings of the mental universe thus builded.

Privacies of character, lamented weaknesses, peculiar licenses, and erotic eccentricities, all enter into the construction of such a mental world so prepared for the occupancy of the candidate for Complement  

It is Self-Revelation that is shunned in most prudish aversions to unrestrained sex discussions.

Prudery thus shows itself, more or less, as the defendings of one's privacies of reaction to the Sex Complement, derived out of all the comparisons of experiences that one has tasted up through his series of earthly lives.

Romantic Love, so-called, is therefore the biological half of the Sex Attraction exercising in the arena of the mental, and ever tending to sublimate or idealize the purely physical so that the spiritual components may each time be elevated a little more, and consciousness achieve a slightly higher note from the common union of Positive with Negative in the daily relationship.

Thus is the race-species perpetuated, with natural selection serving the karmic debts and credits, and ethical goals or stakes set up for two people to strive for as their mental-world ideals align. ¶ But Love Itself is not the karmic lodestone, neither is it the Frustrated Desire that works conversely to actual physical possession of the loved one's biological equipment. It is the motivating and propelling FORCE that gets recognized identity by exhibiting in these forms.

For this reason—although the fact might lead to spiritually-harmful prosti-

tutions if released promiscuously to the immature—there seems to be little or no criticism, or even attention paid, to the private morals of such Complementing Halves by those in the more ethereal octaves of Consciousness.

Every man and woman coming into worldly propinquity, have their own peculiar problems and complications to work out as between themselves that, generally speaking, are nobody's business but their own.

Those in the higher-consciousness strata have long since come to recognize that people are punished BY their sins, and never FOR them.

So-called lapses from morality always carry their inexorable penalties, that must be paid in kind and on the spot. ¶ You "never get away with anything" that is truly unmoral in the cosmic sense, for its unmorality is forthwith identified by the inescapable penalty that is automatically exercised.

On the other hand, there are certain lapses from the ethical-economic standards which society bethinks to set up for its own protection, that Nature by no means recognizes nor admits as such.

¶ The old orthodoxy had it, "Where there is no prohibition, there can be no sin." But there can be prohibition that is coexistent with the result of one's acts—such as the prohibition against drinking befouled water because immediate typhoid may be automatically the penalty. ¶

The prohibition is not of moment till the act is committed.

So too it can be said of certain phases of sex associations.

Russia under the Jewish Bolsheviks may declare it no statutory offense for men and women to live in promiscuous sex relationships—and thus defeat or excoriate the so-called "morals" of Christianity. But the Jewish Bolsheviks cannot defeat or excoriate the violations of Nature's law which dictate that such promiscuities shall be penalized with immediate reprisals of widespread and loathesome social diseases. ¶



THE DEEPER or higher that we probe mystically into the true cosmic moralities, the more positive and beautiful becomes this certainty: that there is no essential conflict between Flesh and Spirit.

Flesh is merely the raiment of Spirit!

To predicate any religion upon a quarrel as between Flesh and Spirit is equally as nonsensical as premising a theological faith upon a quarrel as between a man and a certain suit of clothes hanging in his closet, or between a woman and a certain evening gown that she fancied and acquired in a moment of caprice.

Flesh is merely the instrument of Spirit for getting exercise upon a plane of sentient experiencings called Earthly Life. It may be ennobled or degraded according to Spirit's dictates—just as a man may keep his clothes at all times neatly tailored and pressed, or a slovenly woman may permit her frocks to acquire food-spots or gape at sundry seams. Romantic attachment as between man and woman is the employment of Flesh to its highest and fullest, or its cheapest and basest, according to the spiritual eschewments—or unfoldments—of the parties involved.

If you debase your flesh, no one suffers but yourself—in the sense of spiritual disfigurement that is lasting. If you sublimate and glorify your flesh, the increments and benefits to your spirit can be startling.

But sublimating and glorifying your flesh by no means implies mortifying or savagely disciplining your body to the point of erotic chastisement for its natural inclinations in a world of sense. Neither does it imply freakish processings to allow its enshrouded Spirit abnormal performings.

Correct performings gives Spirit maximum opportunities for advancement in self-awareness. The ancients continually reminded each mortal:

"The gods have trusted you with Yourself!"



HOW HUMANKIND ACQUIRED ITS FIRST IDEAS OF SHAME



ONE of life's major concerns, outside of self-preservation and the worship of some sort of Deity, is the question of Morals. Orthodox Christians make constant reference to proper observance of the Moral Code. Incidentally, Christianity is about the only religion in the world today that thus ties up Religion—or worship of the Supreme Being—with morals as a practice. The moral man is certain of admission into a blissful Hereafter, it declares, whereas the unmoral person is headed straight for Hell.

One of the things that confuses the heathen, in the Orient particularly, is why and wherein the Deity can possibly have any connection with, or be interested in, a person's moral indulgences or personal restraints.

Cynics and atheists delight in passing epigrammatic comment on Heaven, saying that if it is filled with entirely moral people, they prefer to terminate in quite other regions.

Now this question of Morals is too little understood from the elevated Cosmic standpoint ❀ ❀

As Polarity, Sex Relationships both karmic and romantic, and the bisexual nature of the soul, is inescapably mixed up with Morals, suppose we examine this enthralling subject through the spectacles of the higher Esoterics.

Is the Moral Code in the Hereafter, precisely the same as it is in the earth-

world? If not, how does it differ—and what makes for such difference?



LET us shed as much squeamishness as possible in taking our observations on this subject. Let us, first of all, consider morals academically and abstractly. What are they, basically, and where have they originated.

Strictly speaking, we get the word Morals from the Latin root "mores," meaning nothing more nor less than Manners ❀ ❀

Morals are simply rules and regulations for conduct, that shall preserve the social state in the pristine meaning in which it was celestially motivated, patterned, or launched.

Putting it in another way, we are told that Morals are the blanket carrying-out of the social principles derived from some unique interpretation of sociology meant to express in intellect the ways and customs for a given race of people to manifest in pursuing a special destiny. Simplified still more we could phrase it—

Morals say to the individual that at a certain time in history, an individual or a group of individuals received an idea, the working out of which in social conduct should represent a gradation of behavior within the social conduct of the species in order that definite benefaction in whole or part should be arrived at ❀ ❀

The resultant conduct may—or may not—approximate the benefaction intended. That, we are instructed, is quite beside the point.

We see the Idea launched as a sort of test, or experiment. It runs its course and is interpreted by other gradations of conduct or ideas for social performance 🌿 🌿

But while it is performing on the Stage of Human Activity, it stands for a certain thing which all men are called to admit of, and respect.

The branchings and deployings of the "unique idea," their compensations or demerits, have nothing to do with the fact that such ideas must be gone through with—and thoroughly tested and worked out—in order that the race may have before it actual illustrations in events to guide it in making up its historical record of achievements.

This occurs to the end and aim that those who follow after may profit likewise in their turn—and through their own conduct—by the principles thus expounded 🌿 🌿



WE should grasp this great truth accurately.

Ideas coming into this three-dimensional world in the form of great social compacts—or inspirational suggestions wrought in mass behaviors—amount to this: the execution in worldly event of programs definitely determined upon by great Race Mentors in higher dimensions, in order that they may examine and observe how humanity will react, and what will be the outcome from various phases of philosophical conjectures 🌿

¶ The world has seen countless instances of these epochal happenings, or experiments, in the forms described as Civilizations or Cultures.

The earliest of which we have historical note of any accuracy was the Adite—an inheritance directly from the pure Atlantean—in which society was composed on the Father-God Principle executing earthly edicts through the Priest-

King who was usually a mystical adept. ¶ This followed through into the Egyptian, but split into a diversity of Expression-Personalities when the first notions of "gods" was born, partly out of the racial memories of ruling Atlantean families and partly out of mystical recognition of Race Mentors somewhere in Cosmos that exercised some sort of supervision over man's species as a whole.

This was brought to its highest flower under the Greek and Roman dispensations, when the deification of Beauty was tried out and found to have some excellent phases, many of which were blended or grafted into the cultures of succeeding dispensations.

Then at the time of the later Pharaohs the Hebrew idea of the Priestly Hierarchy above the political potentate came into form, as an experiment in a small way at first, later to gain full fructification under the enactments of the Mosaic Code. The idea of the High Priest ruling supreme was a sort of throw-back to the pure Atlantean, but it lacked the saving grace of esoteric adeptship in its principal 🌿 🌿



ALL of this is not intended as any discussion of the racial-political cultures of the past—with their attendant concepts of divinity. It is a brief calling attention to the fact that up across the ages the divine Mentoring Caste has worked in what might be called "sequences"—sometimes concurrently, sometimes consecutively, sometimes one dove-tailing into the other. All of it, however, has been toward this end—That humanity might test out in illustrated performance, certain social ideas to see what was best for the human species as a whole.

These various cultures and their divisions have persisted in some form or other all over the earth to the present time, and for a worthy purpose.

It was found that each one of them had some special increment, some particular

profit or definite benefaction for souls in a special classification of unfolding Consciousness. And as all individuals do not progress at the same rate—or learn their lessons contemporaneously wherever they happen to be—it was necessary to retain these original forms and social predicaments over untold numbers of years.

This happened in turn, to the end that as individual souls reached that degree of perception where they were aware of all the lessons to be gained in the previous dispensations, they could pass on to the next.

From all of it, it should appear clear to us how it happened that there are so many races of men, and varieties of religions and cultures, still enduring in the whole social scene.

It was necessary for those “ideas”—or rather, for the principles underlying them—to receive free and adept expression, uninterrupted, undiluted, and unadulterated by other ideas and concepts, pertaining to other dispensations and experiments.

To this end a fiat went forth in each instance—

People were to have impressed upon them the necessity for keeping their own particular culture clean and uncontaminated, until it had proved or disproved its permanent worth as a social benefaction! ❀ ❀



WHAT was happening was this: The older Master Minds behind society, watching and studying all this miasma of human conduct under various rituals for behavior, were attempting to prove for themselves what would be eventually best for the mortal species as a whole. They were trying out all sorts of ideas and experiments with a view to discarding those which proved abortive, subversive, or impotent, to gain the result desired in each instance. ¶ They wanted eventually to formulate and found as nearly a perfect state of social organization as could be

achieved within three-dimensional limitations. So they labored zealously over uncountable aeons, and through dispensations which now have no record in human history, to perfect the idea of the Ideal Culture.

That experimenting has been going on until the times are ripe at present for the installation of the Perfect Idea, and its general motivating and shaping into performing realization.

Now considering Morals, the human race in each instance of specialized culture had to have bounds and limitations set upon it to assure the maintenance of the idea in purity.

These fiats produced Morals, as we have come to know them!

Strange as it may appear, and shocking as it may sum up to the would-be purist, Morals have little or nothing to do with the chastities, continent virtues, or sex deportment of the individual.

It is true that in certain civilizations, particularly the Hebraic, great stress was laid on control of the animal appetites and urges making for promiscuity of individual members of the species in their biological contacts.

But Morals, as we have seen, comes from the Latin word “mores,” meaning Manners. And Manners mean, those habits of a people that render them distinct and separate as a tribe, clan, or race, from every other such demarkation within the species.

We cannot have a people as a whole, “moral,” in the sense of species chastity. That would be absurd. But we can have a people clean, pure, and distinct in the peculiarity and separateness of their culture—meaning again “what they stand for” as a social idea. ¶ In this sense they can be said, accurately, to be moral.



NOW squeamishness about morals—in the sense of sedate and disciplined conduct in the romantic relationships—is purely an Aryan or Nordic interpretation of its own culture, derived

from times of pure feudalism—colored by Hebraic interpretations of chastity in womanhood. By feudalism here, we do not necessarily confine ourselves to the political-military orders of the Middle Ages. We mean the lord-vassal status of society in whatever form it has taken, prior to the appearance of constitutional democracy 🌿 🌿

The ancient lords and barons of all lands, but especially all those rulers of Gallic-Gothic times in northern Europe who made up the great black procession of Feudalism in its selfishness and irascibilities toward other clans and peoples, merely brought to a climax this eccentricity in human conduct.

It was noticeable among the ruling classes that murder and rapine were so prevalent that something had to be done to keep the racial strains—particularly the aristocratic strains—and family units, essentially clean from bastardy.

¶ Society was organized upon a basis of considering woman the natural pawn and loot of war—a chattel to be seized and used lasciviously and the legitimate prey of marauding force.

Thus it came about that we had conditions in society wherein some means and method had to be found for preserving the chastity of womanhood for the endurance of the uncontaminated family or tribal strain.

God had ceased to be much of a factor in promoting such restraints when religion was at such a low ebb that the clergy too was the tool of the rapacious pillager, who gave alms to monasteries to salve his conscience for the rape of nuns 🌿 🌿

This condition of affairs became so bad that all sorts of ludicrous and amusing expedients were resorted to, in individual cases.

A contraption known as the Girdle of Chastity was even invented, made of mail and locked about a woman's loins, to prevent her spoliation during her lord's lengthy absences on campaigns or crusades, when it was inconvenient or dangerous for wives to be carried into the arena of hostilities.

Various other expedients were employed. Poisons were perfected which, it was assured, would kill all desires for illicit romance with any but the one administering the nostrums.

Women were locked in dungeons and turrets during the absences of princes, or kept under guards of eunuchs.

There was a general acceptance that these expedients thwarted malpractices on virtue, but the long ages have been replete with horrors where innocent and gentle lives were snuffed out by the tens of thousands, when the most natural and normal urges produced situations in the lives of women where they were sacrificed, not to virtue, but to the arrogance and bestial cruelties of those who looked upon woman as property that came from looting and seizure 🌿

¶ Something had to be done about it.

It was really the suggestion of a strategizing clergy, augmented in a million instances by the natural aversions of woman to promiscuity—because of the spiritually enervating effects upon her offspring and maternal instincts—that brought about Prudery and Shame as society now knows it.

Prudery put a false value of the rights of masculinity to the feminine person—presupposing that Woman was promiscuous, vile, and concupiscent. It even went so far as to adjudge her as naturally unchaste, sullen, and vindictive, toward any agency that kept her biological inclinations within bounds of an enforced respectability.

She was more hapless than farmstock, for farmstock could be bred without restraint and the offspring branded as property. Woman could not be branded, since the brand would mean little 🌿 🌿

Of course, brandings mean little to cattle, either, but at least ownership is plain. Cows, on the other hand, are not given to climbing down turret ladders in the dark of the moon and eloping with romantic troubadours strumming mandolins beneath their windows. Woman, it was commonly believed, was promiscuous by temperament be-

cause of her enforced adeptship in the arts of persuasiveness or seduction as a mitigation of her slave-lot and to get her way with man for the advantage of her children 🌿 🌿

So great convocations on morals began to be held, determining the status of woman as a vassal. An illiterate and venal clergy was most zealous in conducting these extremist conferences 🌿

¶ It became the concensus of most of them, as the only solution to the quandary, to so impress upon woman the necessity for chastity that she would henceforth be made an object of pity—not to mention an acquiescent tool in the hands of proprietary masculinity.



WOMAN was not called in to take part in any of those old assemblages literally—nor could any such absurdities take place today. But it was a common edict that any woman who showed the slightest lewdness in her behavior, or the slightest evidences toward promiscuity, should even be burned at the stake.

Such practices endured even down into recent puritanical times, even upon this continent—at least in whippings or inhuman social ostracism—as the histories of such towns as early Salem, Massachusetts, attest.

Woman became terrified within an inch of her life, for the most normal and natural inclinations toward sex expression might bring her death in the most savage manner. Ever the victim of circumstances because of her lack of strength and size to cope with man, she had ingrained into her consciousness the suggestion of her own lewdity, and she marked her feminine offspring generation on generation with the same witless interpretations of the normal sex urge 🌿 🌿

All this has merely come to dramatic head in our own era, persisting in prenatal questionings that show fruition in earth-life in terms of self-immolation.

Now we have the spectacle of the Conditioned Reflex making it acutely distressing for a woman who has been much abused, or much terrified, in previous lives to show her body to man without instinctive fear of the result—born of vague and indistinct memories of hideous chastisements inflicted upon her for merely being the prey of circumstance 🌿 🌿

Lesbianism is a suggestion of this, actualizing in a particularly piteous aspect, since it blindly attempts to get an expression for these insistent normal urges, minus the recrudescence of the masculine anomaly that invites and prohibits in identical gesture.



NOW to a greater or lesser degree, promiscuity throughout all the ages has been a prevalent habit of maladjusted individuals—or individuals in whom normal and wholesome Polarity has become disrupted.

No culture has been without those women who placed small merit on personal chastity. But nowhere has personal shame reached the apex of development that it did in those long periods and sequences when woman was afflicted with the most outrageous tortures and penalties for insuring the continence of her virtue.

The woman who instinctively covers herself, or turns aside, when the lascivious glance is sent in her direction, is merely remembering back over the long gamut of experiences in previous lives when she was debased and humiliated, if not tortured and killed, for yielding or not yielding to lustful advances in which man was the aggressor.

Shame therefore, as it displays in the modern modest woman, is mostly an acute galvanism of terrifying recollection 🌿 🌿

As society relents in these ribald pruderies, woman swiftly adapts herself to the natural and normal deportment of her psyche, addicted to good taste or

bad taste as her unfoldments of consciousness may dictate or decree. Witness with what facility woman has evolved from the bathing costume of the Nineties—with its ridiculous and unnatural skirts and undergarments—to the one-piece bathing-suit of today. ¶ Society has stopped persecuting Woman for being female because our manners and times are no longer feudal, and family strains are no longer cherished or paid sanctimonious homage to gratify the vanity of some moss-backed progenitor.

The veneer of Shame therefore, is wearing thinner and thinner.

Shame, primarily, is the instinct to self-preservation when unabashed or provocative lewdity would call up savage reprisals—if not a literal burning at the stake for implied concupiscence, then the spiritual distresses resulting from too callous promiscuity with attendant social diseases.

Shame in Man, on the other hand, has quite another origin—and is mainly based on fear of ridicule.

Outside of the item of ridicule, man as a sex is practically shameless. Which requires some other paper for discussion ¶ ¶

Always and forever when we examine back into these inhibitions and complexes in the human race, we encounter the concretions of serried lives that have been lived.

And Morals are but the manners of the various civilizations and their effects upon the unfolding Consciousness—summed in the thing that we best describe as Character.

How difficult it would be, therefore, in a series of Higher Octaves for criticism to be based on any one experimental culture, and damn or adulate any individual for showing himself the perfect flower of that, to the negation of all the rest.



¶ REALITIES ¶

FOR all of His miracles, there is no record that Christ ever materialized for himself a six-course dinner.

¶
A WOMAN at her wash-tubs is considered archaic. We could go back to her, however, we could go back!

¶
IT IS inconvenient to be caught short of money. But it is a more disquieting thing to be caught short in eternity for cosmic manners.

¶
WHEN you are shown a group photograph, you always hunt frenziedly for your own face first. Cosmos is a

sort of group photograph. The hunting for your face is called Self-Preservation.

¶
GOOD morals are merely good manners, forever exercised by aforethought. The process, however, is admittedly fatiguing.

¶
YOU can't be a Professor and a student, both, in earth-life. Academics is the business of putting stakes to knowledge and declaring Who knows What. In the matter of Eternity, you know Everything and Nothing. Stay with it. You'll get it.



WOULD YOU WANT TO KNOW THE OTHER HALF OF YOURSELF?



FIRST BOOK of the Old Testament gives an account of the creation of the original man and the original woman. It is not authenticated history.

It is a caballistic rendering of a mystical truth. Someday the entire Old Testament will be recognized for what it is: not so much the inspired Word of God as a colossal compendium of mystical formulae serving as a basis for the introvert metaphysics of the so-called Israelites, subversively represented in the modern world by members of the Tribe of Judah. No matter!

The Old Testament says that God formed man of the dust of the ground, breathed into his nostrils the Breath of Life, and that man thereupon became a Living Soul.

Man did not become a living soul, in other words, till two items were in combination: earthly dust and Breath of God—in other words, materialistic flesh and celestial Spirit.

Soul, therefore, is something that attains to integrity and identity when celestial Spirit undertakes to perform in some octave of materials or patterns of Matter ❖ ❖

Theology would have us accept that at the moment of celestial Spirit taking up such occupancy in Matter, the condition known as Consciousness in the human form is born. But that is erroneous for the reason that we can prove

the operations of human Consciousness outside the vehicles of Matter.

The better definition of the old Anglo-Saxon word "sawel" or Soul might be: a materialized condition of celestial Spirit that has the attribute of recognizing itself in unit operation.

However, we are not discussing the essence of Soul; we are examining the basic truth about the beginning of human beings in this octave—man and woman ❖ ❖



CONTINUING the same folklore cryptograph goes on, after the "creation" of Adam, the first man, to describe the subsequent phase of human genesis.

While this Soul was in the pristine pattern of its existence, God caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam—the first hospital anesthesia of worldly record—and out of Adam's side the Creator extracted a rib. With this rib as a basis or beginning, God fashioned Woman, or the female principle.

Woman, the old caballism strives to tell us, was not exactly a bi-product from Man, but a subtraction of something from the original spiritual-material composition ❖ ❖

Here, plain as A-B-C, is authentication for the great esoteric tenet in the mysticism of all ages and all climes—

The fully-composed human unit is male and female principle in one, but for the

faster and clearer unfoldments of Consciousness some sort of separation or cleavage has been effected—one set of attributes enhousing in a fleshly mechanism which is termed the masculine and another set of attributes enhousing in a fleshly mechanism which is termed the feminine.

These two distinctive sets of attributes, described for purposes of easy utility as the Aggressive and Conservative, also have unit-consciousness identity—that is, each is able to recognize itself mentally and operate in contrast to its counterpart as independently discriminating or choosing unit.

The two antithetical sets of attributes contrast, clash, or complement, over the proper number of life-cycles. Then when the purposes of such separation have been served, the implication is that they fuse back together again and the Edenic Soul proceeds into higher consciousness-conditions than anything which earthly minds are capable of conceiving ✿ ✿



WHAT the performings or displayings of Consciousness may be after these distinctive halves have attained to such fusion, we have no means for knowing, either. If every man and every woman, as at present observed, is but half a soul, no matter how brilliant the intellect in each as at present unfolded, it well may be a fact that the actual fusion of the twin intellects may produce capabilities of Consciousness too shocking of product to be revealed to this materialistic and three-dimensional octave at all ✿ ✿

What we are interested in examining for the moment—these fundamentals having been more or less authenticated by great mystics in all ages—is the entirely human quandary of each individualized man and each individualized woman having the Other Half of themselves in spiritual and mental existence somewhere ✿ ✿

Even the amateur analyst in these matters must reach that breath-taking point where he asks himself—assuming him to be a man—“Who is the Other Part of myself?” or “Where is the Other Half of myself, at this present moment?” ✿ ✿

If the analyst be a woman, she too demands: “Is this lover of mine my correctly-complementing masculine counterpart?” or “Am I truly the cosmic alter-ego of this male person that through the seeming propinquities of life has become the father of my children?”

Both masculine and feminine units in each case are possessed of the same rapacious curiosities: they want to have revealed for them to a certainty that they are making, or have made, the correct union in the earth-octave with the separated half of that Edenic Soul which they first composed together.

There is a spiritual, mental, and—to a degree—physical insistence, amounting almost to an ulcerated ache, that such earthly union shall be accurate.

Instincts too deep for words, and which belong almost ecstatically to the realm of the emotions, imply to both halves—married or unmarried, joined or unjoined—that the mating of the correct halves means spiritual and mental sex tranquility as well as physical enthrallment beyond the powers of mortal intellect to describe.

“How shall I know my complementing Other Half?” is the poignant query voiced by thousands of cruelly maladjusted persons, both masculine and feminine ✿ ✿

Of course there is no hard and fast rule by which it can be irrefutably determined. But that is not saying that there are no candles of illumination to give certain gleams of radiance in the darkness of the mystery.

First of all, such students, male or female, should make this distinction: Sex, as sex, is purely a physico-biological phenomenon of three-dimensional existence and it does not necessarily apply to identification of the alter-comple-

menting half of the One Soul-Spirit. This is not implying that the other half of the self may be incarnated as a man, and forthwith become associated with another masculine unit as his complementing self, although it is reasonable that in rare instances the thing has occurred. It is saying that sex alone is not the determinant by which the complementing ego is identified. The complementing ego is identified by certain Qualifications to which sex is but secondary.



N other words, if man or woman were to go on a sleuthing excursion to try and determine with reasonable accuracy the identity in incarnate life of his or her complementing adjunct, the biological factor of sex would have to be, for the moment, set aside on a shelf. Taking the case of any given man, to illustrate, he would not be on very safe hunting-ground to remark to himself: "Which of these women with whom I'm in contact is the complementing unit to our original Edenic Soul?" Forthwith he might appraise Nellie and Gertrude and Eunice. Nellie he would eliminate because she is not "his type"—Nellie has red hair and a snub nose, and he tells himself that he never did fancy fiery tresses or a saucy proboscis. Gertrude comes nearer what he would choose—although he still has many doubts about it—because Gertrude is a pleasing blonde and he is inclined to be a blonde himself. Gertrude is likewise agreeable as to curves, and he cannot go too close to her without feeling an insensate desire to wrap her in his arms and crush seven of her ribs. However, there is Eunice. Eunice is a shy little thing who blushes easily and is inclined to yield to his opinions when vociferously expressed. She is the Clinging-Vine type, thinks all men are "wonderful"—our subject particularly—and plunges into a tailspin of

palpitations on being presented with a box of hot-house roses.

Eunice is not especially appealing physically, being somewhat flat-chested and inclined toward large ankles. But Eunice could doubtless be dwelt with in connubial relationship throughout unnumbered moons without quarrels resulting, and it is generally known that she can make a three-layer cake that would keep a man out of Ten Nights in One Bar-Room.

Yes, of the three of them, Eunice is the more reasonable candidate for the Complementing Unit notion.

The list may run into the dozens, but the analysis proceeds along similar lines.

¶ What truly, is such a male doing?

Fixations as to sex, as sex alone, are discoloring and blurring his truer cosmic clues 🌿 🌿

The facts are—if he could only know it—that he fails to fancy Nellie because a small girl with fiery tresses and a snubbed nose made mischievous sport of him throughout three grades of school in his boyhood.

Gertrude appealed to him more because—still without being adept in such wisdom—he senses her strong and impelling Ovarian Vibration and biologically responds to it.

For we are discovering it to be a fact that the maternal potentialities of certain women do exercise in the vibratory form and they literally broadcast to all males who come within the area of their emanations that their heaviest karmic obligation in their current career is concerned with lusty motherhood.

Eunice seems to fill the bill better than Nellie or Gertie because essentially it seems to be easier to dominate her as a female—and man never lived who did not take it for granted that it was his inherent prerogative to dominate his Complementing Other Half. In the case of Eunice, this domination exhibits especially strong as to the physical, and our man is almost on the point of propositioning Eunice as to how she feels on this little matter of being his Twin Spirit

when he makes the perturbing discovery that for nearly ten months she has been secretly engaged to marry the telephone lineman who has the room above her at the place where she boards.

Without ever having given much notice of it, Eunice privately thinks that her boisterous lineman is practically the last word in masculine desirability and she will wed him come Michaelmas if it costs her an eye.

Our man does a tailspin or two himself. How could his Twin Spirit "go nuts" over a rawboned, tobacco-chawing fellow who from every social indication might wear his pole-spurs to bed?

So the whole Twin-Spirit hypothesis goes sour in our man's thinking—and he dates up the plump stenographer at the next desk to him. They consume a couple of pints of poor gin at the roadhouse where they stop for dinner, an easy intimacy follows, and before he is aware of it they are ensconced in a ten-dollar flat with a two-dollar marriage certificate hung neatly over the installment piano, and proceed to live their lives like any other wedded couple, fighting the bills and half-resenting the always imminent baby.

So cues to the truth of the matter are not obtainable through sex. Sex, to repeat, has to be eliminated. The probabilities must be arrived at strictly through mind and spirit. And once this has been successfully done—really done, not merely imagined or conjectured—unique presentiments are usually forthcoming.



ELIMINATE for the moment all physical fixations. Not to deal in the slightest facetiousness, draw a strong mental picture of a race of men and women absolutely lacking in the mechanisms of biological reproduction. Let the student-analyst, explorative in these matters, conceive if he can of fleshly formations and physical vehicles

with all organs of copulation never created or thought of. Let each human body be discerned anatomically as innocent of corporal privacies as a child's jointed doll.

Now then, if such a race of men and women could be forthcoming and the differences in the sexes made strictly those of temperament, which woman thus sexless would a similarly sexless man elect to pal with—from natural inclination—to such an extent that he would be agreeable to departing with her for an otherwise uninhabited isle in the south Pacific Ocean and living out his days in paradisaical harmony with her? *✿ ✿*

When our man puts such a test on the various feminine persons with whom he may at present be in contact, some startling revelations are disclosed.

He makes the discovery that the Nellies, Gertrudes, or Eunices about him disappear like phantoms at the wand of some magician. Out of the composition of such determinings may step the character of a mother, a sister, an adored aunt, another man's wife, the character of some girl with whom he has been in association but a couple of months in some high-voltage interlude back in adolescence *✿ ✿*

He confesses to himself: "I could 'hit it off' with that woman-person in a mental-spiritual paradise forever. She would understand and be sympathetic to my most eccentric urges. I would seem to know her innermost thoughts and idealisms by a sort of intuitive telepathy, without the slightest necessity for her ever expressing them. We two could very easily and facilely compose One Edenic Soul, but as matters stand now, our bodies and social inhibitions both stand in the way to such ecstatic consummation of spiritual fusion."

And because there is no surmounting such barriers without projecting a scandal or landing in jail, the whole proposition—in its practicable aspects at least—has to be dismissed.



SOMETIMES there are more esoteric methods by which clues to the individual complication are obtained. Outstanding cases are of record which tend to announce them in the following manner: A woman will make her entrance, unobtrusively, into the developing career of a man. Such entrance may take place in comparative adolescence or may be delayed until maturity. No matter! ❀ ❀

When she first makes her appearance, the man may not pay her much marked attention. If pressed closely later to remark upon the happening he will concede that from the very beginning of their relationship he felt a relieving ease in her presence, a tendency to intimacy beyond him to explain.

They may never once have overstepped the bounds of the most rigorous propriety, but truth to tell, none such was necessary. Biological union would have muddled something fine and superior between them—at least in those long opening phases of their contact.

As time rocks on, through nothing which either contrives deliberately, they make the mutual discovery that they cannot fall out of contact, even if they would. They may part for certain sequences, due to the vicissitudes of earthly happenings, but unerringly their pathways lead them back together.

They are not obligated to each other knowingly, in the slightest particular. One of them may even marry—to work out karmic obligations with the Twin Spirit of some other person, perchance unknown to them. But even marriage of a strictly worldly nature to the Twin Spirit of some other Edenic entity, by no means disrupts that seemingly indissoluble union. They feel toward each other precisely as they have always.

One trusts the other implicitly, and that trust is never violated. One puts his or her life-affairs unrestrictedly into the other's keeping, when for the lives of either of them they could give no sat-

isfactory reasons why they should do so ❀ ❀

Strangely enough, these two need not be strictly on a par either mentally or temperamentally. One may be possessed of more academic erudition than the other. But spiritually there is approximately the same Quality of Consciousness ❀ ❀

Such a relationship may proceed for years with neither one of them thinking very much about it, excepting that they acknowledge that such affinity exists.

¶ Nevertheless it is a fact that usually the Terrible Moment arrives when the stark reality of the association—and its basic motivation—stands nudely and unashamedly before them both.

Hitherto they have carelessly, vaguely, platonically loved each other—as the term is accepted.

Suddenly, overpoweringly, it is brought home to one or both of them that they are “in love” with each other—and in that paralyzing revelation Sex may play small part.

It is, however, a blissfully complementing part, and if it be of moment, it merely symbolizes organically the fusion between them that is either ultimate or imminent ❀ ❀

In such revelation, the man in question suddenly FEELS in the personality of the mystically complementing woman—unit a complete and all-encompassing compilation of all the attributes that have touched him or revealed themselves to him only objectively in the myriads of other women-personalities he has met.

Such a feminine counterpart is sweetheart, mistress, wife, mother, sister, nurse, business partner, daughter, and fairy godmother—all rolled into one, without the slightest gesture on his part to bring such miracle to pass.

It is altogether a fearsome disclosure when it comes, and it may wreak the havoc of a bolt of lightning. On the other hand, it may deepen and sweeten life to such an extent that the final going-out of the one partner will work

automatically to pull the other partner out of fleshly form along for company.



THE awesome corridors of the subconscious or prenatal mind may flash illuminations of such identifications at moments least expected. There is such a thing as the soul of a man quitting the body in deepest slumber and coming face to face with the discarnate soul of the feminine complement on the Inner Planes of Being.

Restored into the body and mundane life, either one of the subjects may recall the happening in the form of a particularly ecstatic "dream" about the other. But ever thereafter, the personality will be sublimated and glorified, each to the other, without the basic motivation being consciously suspected.

This problem of determining the alter-complement is not a thing that can be forced, however. And there is no particular reason in logic why it should.

If one's alter-complement exists in the fleshly form in mundanity, he or she is THERE—and that must ever be that!

¶ On the other hand, there is always the possibility too, that one's alter-complement may not be incarnate. He or she may be mentoring the spinster or bachelor other-half from the bridge between the octaves.

The fact that one may be temporarily married in the worldly social sense to a certain man or woman does not necessarily attest that one's alter-complement has been located, unless the conubial relationship comprise all the qualifications in both parties that are instinctively associated with the general ecstasy of perfect soul-fusion.

Worldly marriages commonly are for the purpose of working out karmic obligations and discharging cosmic debts. Or they may result in parenthood to the sole end and aim that some third soul—or many additional souls—may arrive in earth-life through the agencies of the married pair and discharge their spiritual brevets toward both.



ONE thing is certain: that there IS such a thing as the Edenic Soul dividing, the feminine attributes departing from the masculine, and both sets of attributes playing out the drama of incarnation as their interests may appear.

That there is no ecstasy in all Cosmos similar to the ecstasy of the final fusion, is seriously impressed upon us by stupendous wits in Higher Octaves who have either known it themselves or witnessed its transaction.

The fancied enticements of common copulation are gross, vague, muddy, and insensate compared to it!

So the symbolism put into the First Book of the Bible truly might be termed a sort of sublimated history, and in such sense could be accredited as the inspired Word of God.

We do know that after the Adam-and-Eve separation and the indiscretion of the mother of all living—again told symbolically—this First Pair went forth out of Eden "knowing that they were naked" . . .



WHAT the Bible does not reveal, however, is the symbolism of the same pair coming together again, and Eve resuming her place and function within the Breast of Adam.

We can let the matter rest there.

As intelligent men and women know the existence of such grand cosmic processes, none the less, Life begins to lose its frightful aspects of bedlam and sterility ♀ ♂

If a person knows that he or she is engaged in working out a program, the reasons for which will ultimately be disclosed, he or she can find the stamina to push forward.

It is the person who lives without conscious suspicion of any reason for it at all, who endures perpetual torment. Blessed are the Enlightened, for they shall endure the earth!



The inspiring elucidation beginning on this page was written by William Dudley Pelley and first published by him in Pelley's Weekly of April 8th, 1936 ✱ By request it is reproduced in this issue of REALITY.

MY LORD WAS A MAN! . .



HEY tell me that my Lord paused across from Jerusalem and sat upon a hill. Twilight had curdled and solitude enveloped Him. He saw the house-lamps

of the hot city gleam. He saw the gates, and men's hearts, close upon their privacies.

Evensong died.

The night took its own.

His lips knew a sigh and His eyes knew a softness. But in that softness was an anguish, for He felt Himself shut out and His ministries rebuked.

They tell me that He cried as one in torment: "O Jerusalem! Jerusalem! How oft would I have gathered you as a hen gathereth her chicks beneath her wings, but ye would not!"

And His heart knew an emptiness. His Spirit was an wilderness where no loving thing moved.

It is conceivable He wept.

Jerusalem shut her gates and set out the evening lamp before her whoredoms, caring not a sou for the lonely Watcher on the hill.

The times knew abasement.

And the Watcher of Eternity shriveled in His Spirit and could not be comforted. This they tell me of my Lord. I refuse to believe it!

Perhaps He came upon Jerusalem, yes. Perhaps the darkness caught Him. Perhaps the gates of the city were shut before His coming. Perhaps He sat upon

a hill and pondered on Jerusalem.

But His Spirit knew no anguish with the vault of stars above Him. He could not feel shut out with the world spread out around Him.

For in His spirit he was King!

No king gives glove to anguish when solitude envelops him. For solitude is the breath of kings, it is their armor and their Scripture. They know a great weakness but they grasp a great valor.

¶ Night is their splendor. They seize upon it eagerly for God Himself walks in the garden of His world in the coolness of the day. They wait and meet God.

They discuss men together.

Long is their counseling and eager their tarrying.

My Lord sat upon a hill across from Jerusalem and His bosom was wracked by thoughts of Great Projects. He opened His heart to the immensities of distance. He took note of the gnat that winged in the coolness. He beheld His heavenly Father in the gnat. . . .

The city was a blur.

The swallow that made her nest in the chimney-pots took note of the Watcher, and in that the swallow took note of Him, He blessed it. . . .

Only those who would chide the Infinite, hive themselves in cities. It is nothing to be shut out from the play-cottages of children. The world in the gloaming is the bid unto an Altar.

¶ My Lord looked across from Jerusalem as a monarch of great destinies gazes from a turret.

He could not be thinking in terms of rejections, for rejections concern the paltry prides of Little Men. They know the bitternesses of conceits rebuffed because they come knocking and the door holds no lamp. Great souls seek the poise of Nature's understandings, they open the treasure-chest of witcheries, they love a bright Star in that it is high.

¶ There is a time when men revile themselves with longings. They strain at the harness of earthly circumscriptions. An insect disturbs them and prompts them into blasphemies.

The Great Soul mellows as the organ of the sunset rolls its Lost Chord through their Godhead.

Men go to and fro seeking treasure. They only glance upward to save themselves from stumblings. They do not glimpse the Infinite from choice alone. They make a pottage out of living—whereupon they grieve.

Great Souls do not grieve.

Grief is a projection of self-pity.

My Lord could not pity Himself. His years were too vast in celestial ennoblements.



MY LORD knew that men must work out their weavings. He knew that the race must consult its own follies, that years do not give reason, nor length of years give wisdom. Only as men climb do they grasp the beauty of high tablelands where distances are blurred and eagles scream at random. ¶ He knew that mankind had a Cup to quaff, a Rosary to count, an Edge to sharpen on the whetstone of experiencings.

How could He be sorry that each soul had its destiny? How could He be saddened that clowns did not gain wits from hearing lusty sermons? The earth was the Father's and the fullness thereof. Surely He felt no urge toward cos-

mic satisfactions that potentates were valorous—when valor became their strategies—more than He tossed His sop to logic that man must be the plaything in a bagatelle of martyrs.

My Lord knew the world unto which He had come!



LL Jerusalem was quiet.

A katydid called. A kid bleated somewhere. Men took their leisure, a child got the breast. Over on the hill, the Watcher sat

pondering. ¶ He pondered how He might best service those who needed His doctrines of compassion, but His greatness lay in the aspiration that no man shouldst know the extent of His ministries.

To redress, to ennoble, to put vast truths within the lips of others, to write a Great Song but not to sing it, to deepen the cosmic satisfactions by great labors performed while the profiteurs slumbered, to stage the Drama of the Aeons but to let each actor think his role his own . . . such were His concerns.

He needed night's darkness to cloak His own greatness. And the night was propitious with rich salutations.

He was glad to be alone, that out of the well-springs of His spirit might gush a new fountain, relaxing His energies, cheering His strivings.

My Lord did not mope upon a hillside, sobbing in His heart that He worked in futilities.

I will not have it so!

Too many great mortals have I met and beheld their lambent glance when high plans were maturing.

The greater the wilderness, the more splendid the company. The stouter the heart, the greater the anthem . . . played on the spirit when Quiet is mighty.

It was fitting that my Lord should have spent His night upon a summit.

Roofs would have smothered Him. . . .



LET ME hear no more of a weakling Lord, sniveling His sleeve when men's plans went against Him, cringing in stature and complaining of desertions. ¶ My Lord was a God!

Let me always see Him as Gentleman Unafraid, constructing great issues, encompassing far marches, seeking no man's tribute, begging no man's hand, either for or against Him.

He had His work to do, and did it. He knew that other men had their labors also, that all were not messiahs—the earth-scheme could not have it. He brought a chalice unto the world, and within it set a goblet. He bade mankind drink. But the hand that held it out showed them no fingers gilded with glass jewels.

He trod sturdily, evenly. Naught could upset Him. He met the lion and the wren, and gave them both His blessing.

¶ His shoulders were broad.

He could laugh at a pleasantry.

He looked upon the world and said, "I must so live My life that if all men were like unto Me, the earth would hold no Problem."

Even death could not blanch Him.



STORMY seas, they tell me, obeyed Him. Is there marvel in that? . . . He commanded His own spirit and the weathers bowed in reverence. He opened the floodgates of His wrath on Mammon, but His strength was confined to upsetting of tables.

He took a child upon His knee and blessed it—perhaps He admired the rag about its finger—yet He talked to the harlot in terms of her charges.

There was graciousness in both!

Yet Little Men have painted me His portrait. They have whittled Him down to the scope of their terrors. They have offered me His figure, bowed upon a hill, put blisters on his feet . . .

or have sent Him to a funeral to sob at Lazarus' corpse.

At the scene in the Garden, He finds tired folk sleeping. His complaint the complaint of Little Men. In similar predicament, they would long for companionship.



AND then the Cross! . . .

Was it a thing of wood, to tilt with the weight of a sallow body? Did He walk toward it with a halting in His knees, His lip perspiring, a sickening curdle in His stomach as He felt His robes jerked from Him? Yet those would have been the Little Men's reactions.

I behold my Lord stepping with calm, majestic stride up to that meeting with His destiny.

He wore His nakedness with dignity.

I see mighty muscles swelling down His arms—arms that might have felled in contest any soldier wearing Caesar's breastplates.

I discern Him noting a frightened baby's cry among those awestruck watchers, a cry mother-hushed as the soldiers were handed the spikes of Jewish lecheries.

I see my Lord laying Himself down gracefully, as He had been gracious in all other acts of life. It was the body of a marcher on hard roads that balanced itself for nailing on that crude particulum.

The Roman soldier did not have to yank out His arm to straighten it and pin it with his knee. My Lord stretched out His own arm, of a fearless self-volition. He might have studied the soldier's face with interest as the servitor of Caesar knit himself to do the hellish hammering.

There was one long breath that conquered Pain!

The Roman soldiers strained beneath the Cross, to get it from the ground and keep its burden balanced.

That was the first instant of my Lord's Ascension. Doubtless He pitied them,

going to such child's play to prove that men were mortal.

The world has pity for a wounded body drooping from crossed timbers—for that is the way of the world, only to consider the mangling that is physical.



DOUBTLESS my Lord was glad that the earthly encasement was ending now in Victory. He was free at last to go and come upon more trenchant bus-

iness ¶ It is an annoying thing to be a human ✠ ✠

My Lord was ready for the Vaster Mission! ✠ ✠

My Lord was a God! He sat on a hill overlooking the city and said: "Jerusalem, it goes well with thee. I am happy in thy commonness. Thou

art living thy life and thy day hath been goodly. Thou hast known the sweat of toil. Thou hast bargained and made profit. What doth it matter that mankind preferreth the shekel to the sermon? Thou hast used thy Consciousness. Experience hath come to thee.

Tomorrow in the years thou shalt rise unto beatitudes. Mayhap I shall come again and find thee chanting orisons. So take thy sleep, Jerusalem. Leave Me to My ponderings. I sit here in the Night and plan mansions for thy populace. Yet when it beholdeth them, it shall not know who built them. Their grace shall be My recompense, thy joy Mine exaltation!"

Thus my Lord would have said—because He was a Man!

And night would have mantled Him. . .





THE MONTH'S GOLDEN MESSAGE:

¶ "Your Seed Shall Be Omnipotence"



Y Dearly Beloved: Many have said unto you: See, this is the way! walk ye circumspectly in it else dark harm befall you!

2 I say unto all brethren: See, the Way beckoneth! at its end is a cleansing! perceive ye its benefits! Make haste to embrace them!

3 We are circumspect in this: that our message unto men is one of Love Venturing. It bespeaketh all alarms. It promiseth all torturings. Yet it crieth: Be ennobled, but of your own choosing.

4 Many have come unto men across the generations. They have given of their love, they have bound up earth's bruising.

5 Withal have they witnessed as being remiss in this: that their intellects have failed them; they have given man no surcease in their adjuring condescensions.

6 Man hath journeyed from his eternal abiding-place; he hath come a far travel; he would reach a sweet haven;

7 Behold he hath taken up his residence in witcheries of circumstance, he hath opened his heart to valor, he hath met with a recompense whose golden worth confuseth him;

8 Behold he hath gone up darkened heights, he hath explored deep abysses whose dragon fires have seared him.

9 He hath made a sweet morass of all his doubts and figurings;

10 Now cometh he circumspectly unto the godhood of himself and asketh: Is

my heart not a lodestone for all cosmic filings? whereof walk I further in a penury of singleness? have I then departed so far from Myself that Going Back is loneliness?

11 The Greater World rebuketh him.

12 Behold I have taught you of the travel-charts of Mammon: I have shown you his egress unto pits of self-perishings;

13 I have said to my beloved: Arise and be awakened! There is a body, there is a soul. There is likewise deft spirit that partaketh not of the body's soft lecheries but scaleth the mountainous ramparts of Solitude.

14 These three have one essence: Body, Soul, and Spirit. They strive for one accomplishment, that the ego grasp its godhood, that the Spirit know its essence.

15 What is the body that soul need rebuke it? what is the soul that spirit shouldst vaunt it? what is the essence of man's godhood that he shouldst reject the hungers that feed him?

16 These three, I tell you, are one in their purposing; they belong to the infinite whose rejoicings are the alchemies that bring forth fruit in circumstance.

17 Ye have heard it said unto you that he who is Man and she who is Woman shall become as one flesh; and one flesh have offspring. I reveal unto you more:

18 I say that she who is woman shall know a greater mystery than her motherhood; that he who is man shall be sire unto intellect requiring neither

going out or coming in to the body, but that speaketh the Word and have suns to obey him.

19 That which is cast forth from the body nurtureth a pestilence; that which is cast forth from the soul lighteneth life's delayings; but that which the spirit escheweth or rejecteth becometh as a fuel lighting lamps of great galaxies.

20 Man hath his mission unto himself: he sayeth to his heart, Bide ye with me and give unto me valor;

21 To his spirit he sayeth: I am radiance in its augury;

22 Now therefore will I hurl myself into ten thousand fragments that each partaking of my essence give kindle to my majesty.

23 The yoke of understanding is hard upon you; the tenure of endurance in your flesh burneth its mark as the Great Brand called Conscience; the seek of your spirit after Wisdom is as the cry of the nightbird whose mate hath met the fowler.

24 Shouldst ye be remiss in attending upon the garlands of your own redemption? What goadeth you more than the prick of vain-seeking?

25 I tell you that the witchery of the worlds is this: that spirit by its body hath the tools for its own conquerage, that worlds are but coffers with perishings for riches; that whatever perisheth, perisheth to purpose; that perishment is form in its energy-translucence.

26 Ye are gods on a march. Ye are guardians of alchemies.

27 Therefore hath it been given unto man that he shouldst halve himself in Substance: he shall take up his abiding-place on the breasts of many whoredoms: he shall lie on dark couches and let tiny fires trick him: verily shall he go forth unto many mountains and fall from their summits that worldly heights may shatter him.

28 Thereat doth he surrender himself to knowledge without ceasing; he goeth out and cometh in to shuttered gods of intellect; he traceth the energy-seas to their riverlets; the skies are his atlas; he maketh darts of infamies.

29 All of it ennobleth him; all of it portrayeth him for the High Thing that he moldeth, first being the essence of clay for the fashioning.

30 All is of stamina that bespeaketh the conquering; all is of beauty that garlandeth the conqueror with sweet petalings of his purposings.

31 Say ye not unto yourselves, This thing is hard, why therefore hath it found me?

32 Say ye rather unto yourselves: The trial is my brevet, I am sent it to absolve me.

33 Go ye with zeal into pits of mad promptings? climb ye sharp steepes to give suck to caprices? open ye forbidden doors to dare pythons' coilings?

34 I say the strong soul cometh radiant from the prankings, it escheweth the purposeless, it sayeth to its gods: Give me my cup, that all elixirs fire me;

35 Verily do I learn the brine from the saccharine; the hard couch is sweet in that cushions have weakened me.

36 The message is strong that we cry up the worlds: Make way for the torturers with racks of new alchemies! Make path for those resolute, whose wounds are new splendors!

37 Fear not any experience, my beloved, excepting that ye fear it!

38 These are the excellencies sent for your kingcraft.

39 Are your bodies of weakness? doth the wheel of life crack them? wouldst ye have it otherwise, that the soul might be less valiant?

40 Are your souls of a brittleness? would they shrivel in nebula? wouldst ye have the spirit shrink appalled from bruising made by sun-motes?

41 I say, Grasp serenity! Know that the Father hath created no substance-patterned thing that performeth any errand but release from aching grossness.

42 Dare to depart from the thralldom of your ignorance. Dare to rape Wisdom and birth offspring of calamities.

43 I say that as ye sire them ye shall birth-brand them with loveliness; ye shall make their thunders anthems, and your seed shall be Omnipotence!

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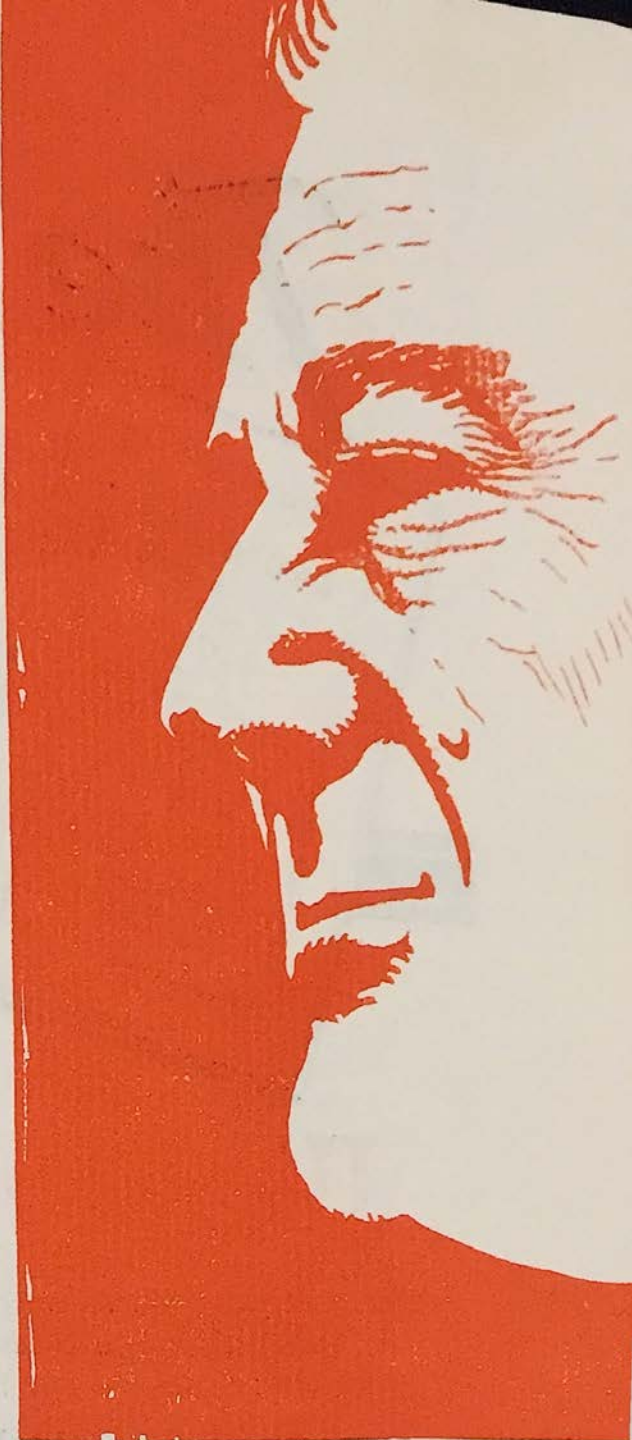
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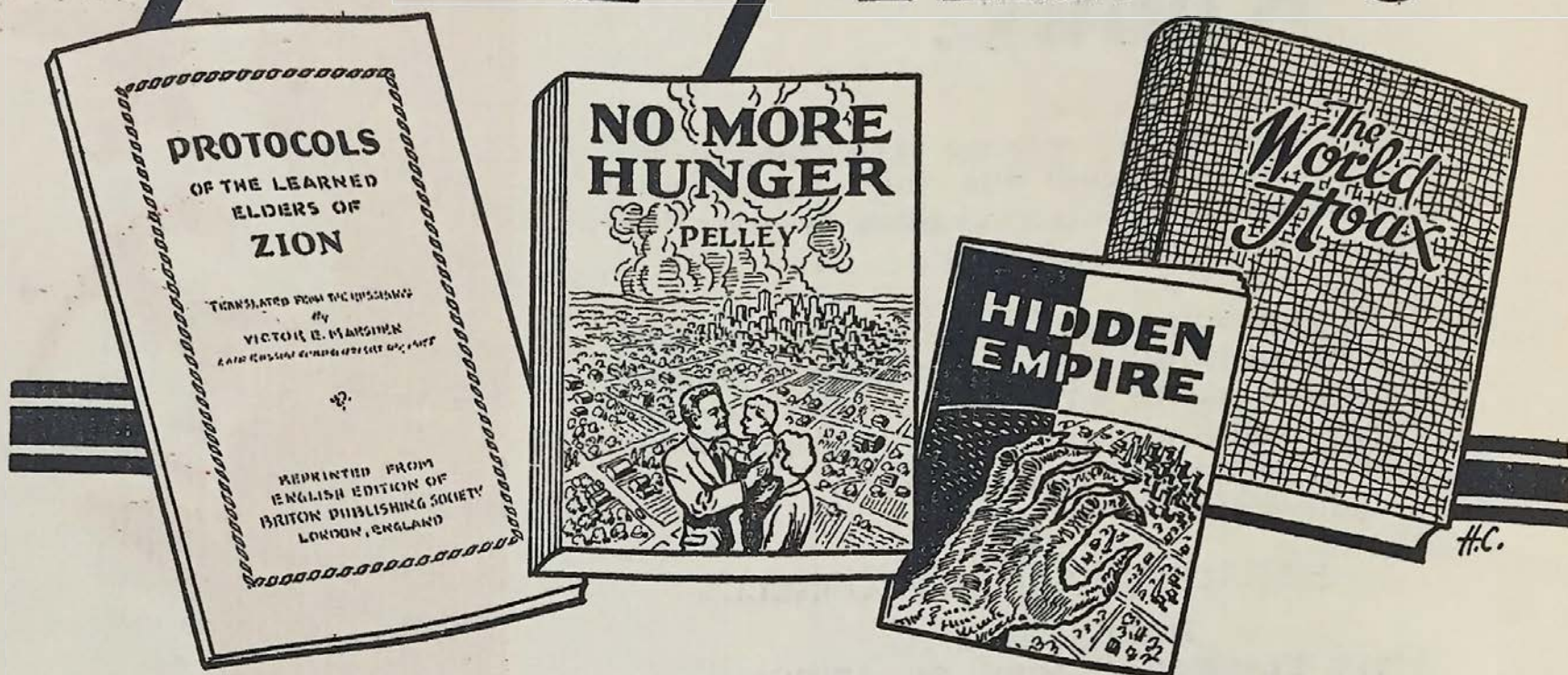
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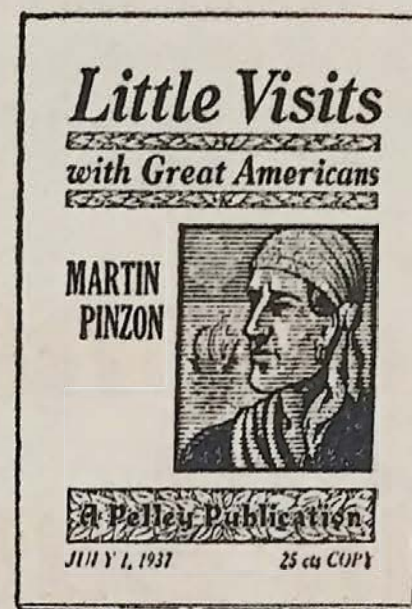
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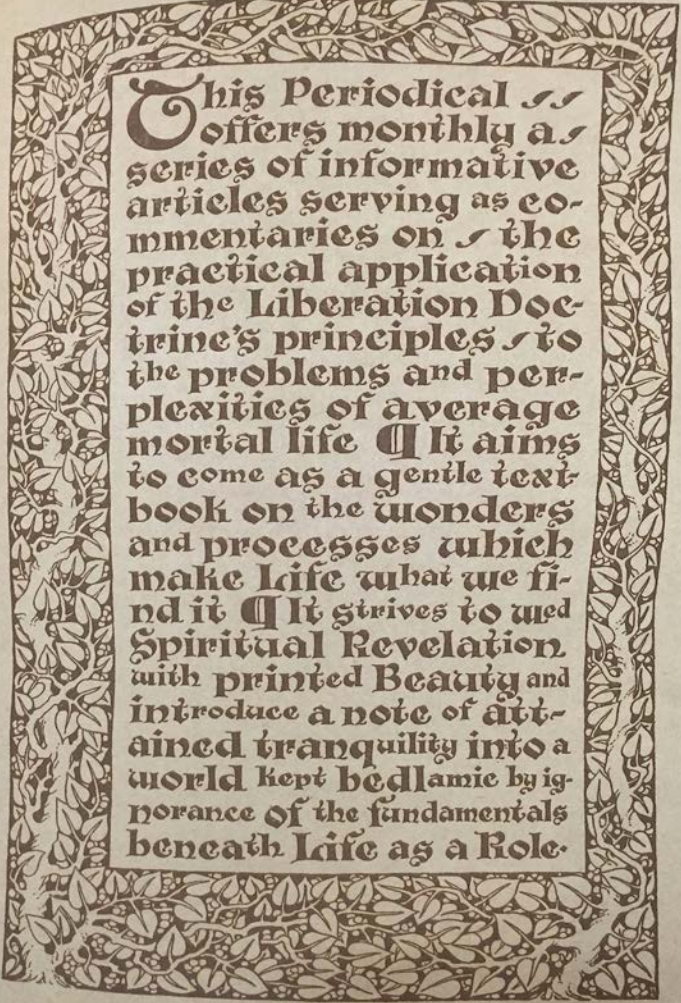
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